

THE  
NEW-YORK  
**WEEKLY MUSEUM,**  
OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
**AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1815.

NO. 11.

**Robert the Brave.**

(Continued.)

ROBERT had for a long time observed the pensive air and increasing melancholy of Roger, and had frequently pressed him to tell him its cause. The desire of sharing the pains of his friend had alone prompted him to make this enquiry, but he had never permitted himself to be too importunate or urgent. Perceiving, however, that Robert appeared to become continually more solicitous to avoid him, he resolved to question him, not relative to the secret, which he appeared so anxious to conceal, but on the cause of that seeming estrangement which had given so much alarm to his friendship.

One day, when he observed Roger, more absent and gloomy than usual, directing his steps toward the forest, he followed him and soon overtaking him, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, threw himself at his feet.

'Am I then, no longer your friend?'

said he. 'You incessantly fly me: you suffer grief, of which you will not permit me to partake. Conceal your secret; I respect it: but deign to console my trembling friendship.'

At these words, Roger, unable to resist the emotions he felt, advanced towards Robert, raised him from the ground, and clasped him to his heart.

'Ah, my friend!' exclaimed he, 'how little you know the importance of the request you have made! But I cannot refuse you. You will shrink with alarm; but hear my fatal secret. I love: my father is inflexible; and my mother prizes only the splendor of birth.'

'Can you then have made a choice which you cannot avow?'

'Oh, no! never did heaven form a maid so perfect! But how great is my surprise!—You yourself compel me to name her! Are, then, the eyes of a brother blind or unjust?—Your sister'——

'My sister!' repeated Robert, with consternation; and his arms, which clasped Roger, relaxed their hold,

his eyes declined to the ground, and he kept a mournful silence.

At this alteration in his manner, despair changed the features of Roger.—‘Alas!’ exclaimed he, ‘this is too much!—my friend likewise abandons me!’

These words were pronounced in a tone so feeling, that Robert, alarmed and still more affected, again encircled him in his arms.—‘What then can be your hope?’, rejoined he. ‘What projects can you form?’

‘My hope! my projects!—I could only love. My heart was a prey to all the ardour, to all the disorder of that powerful passion, before I thought of the obstacles that opposed my wishes. I now perceive them all: I despair of overcoming them; and I only wish to die. But you—oh, you who have explored my heart! who alone are acquainted with my fatal secret! watch attentively over all my actions; read all my thoughts; recollect that love may lead me astray; observe all my steps; moderate my transports; be my guide; but, especially, never cease to be my brother and my friend!’

As he uttered these words, he hid his face in the bosom of Robert; their arms entwined, their tears mingled; and, animated by the same sentiment, they renewed the oath of eternal friendship.

A moment of silence succeeded this delicious effusion of the heart: it was interrupted by a train of reflections which they communicated to each other. They repeated, with common consent, that this fatal secret must remain concealed from the

knowledge of every one but themselves.

‘Soon,’ said Robert to his companion, ‘you will remove from your present place of residence; the variety of scenes you will meet with in your travels will mitigate your grief; a thousand new objects will present themselves to your view; and I please myself with the thought, that they may sufficiently occupy your mind, to efface from it the remembrance of my sister. Doubtless she is ignorant of the sentiments with which she has inspired you?’

This question, so natural and simple, made Roger tremble. But with his customary frankness, he described the adventure of the thicket, the circumstances of which were too strongly impressed on his memory and his heart, for him to forget one of them; nor could the delicacy of Robert find any thing to blame in the transaction.

‘I lament my sister,’ said he, in reply; ‘for I too distinctly foresee that she cannot be indifferent to you. May the moment of our departure be hastened! During your absence, my sister will better perceive the impossibility of her being happy, and the efforts of her reason will render her calm. I do not wish you to fly her, till the very moment when you must leave her: you are too generous, and you appear to me to love her too much, not to respect most anxiously her tranquility.’

Roger promised carefully to observe in every respect the dictates of delicacy and prudence; but he did not make the vain vow to renounce the thoughts dearest to his heart, nor even to turn away his eyes, should any

happy accident present Elvige to his view.

If the certainty of the most tender return of his affection would have been sufficient to render Roger happy, he must have been so, could he have read the heart of Elvige; but what tears must he not have shed could he have known the pangs she suffered! For whole days it was only by the most violent struggles that she could restrain her grief. The moment of happiness which she had tasted, in learning that she was loved, had vanished like a shadow, and had only been succeeded by the prospect of the insurmountable obstacles which must separate her eternally from Roger.—The pains which he must himself feel, afflicted her still more than her own sufferings. She had a heart too tender and too affectionate to believe that he could ever cease to love; though sometimes her generosity prompted her to form the wish that he might: a cruel wish, which was ever followed by a torrent of tears. During night, fatigue and sleep for some hours closed her eyes, and suspended her sufferings; but no consoling idea presented itself at the moment of her awaking; and at the return of day she found it necessary to collect all her strength, to restrain her tears, and efface the traces of those that had flowed.

While she seemed only to exist that she might suffer, the time fixed for the departure of Roger approached. Shuddering at the sole idea of a separation so cruel, but faithful to the promise that he had made to Robert, or rather faithful to his promise to respect the peace of mind of Elvige,

he summoned up sufficient strength to avoid her. But he loved and frequented the places which she had appeared to prefer. Often he observed that she took pleasure in the flower-garden, and especially in the grove in which it terminated. Careful to avoid giving her cause of uneasiness, he never went thither but when she was absent. The only happiness he could enjoy was that of occupying the place she had lately filled.—One day, when she returned to the castle, he hastened to an arbour covered by the verdant foilage of the trees of this grove, and casting his eyes around, beheld, with a sigh, the mossy bank on which she had sat but a moment before. He approached it with ardent enthusiasm, when his attention was fixed by an object which could have been left there only by her. It was a case similar to those which contain portraits. But what could it contain? His curiosity could not be restrained: he opened it with precipitation, and uttered an exclamation of surprise when he recognised his own features.

It was in fact, his portrait, drawn by the hand of Elvige, whose love and ingenuity had enabled her to produce a most perfect likeness. Among the valuable effects which adorned the castle were several pictures most exquisitely finished, though the names of the masters whose works they were, were not known. One of the most perfect of these represented Achilles discovered by Ulysses, at the court of Lycomedes. The youthful hero was represented with a helmet already on his head. With his right hand he brandished a glitter-



ing sword, and with his left disdainfully rejected the female ornaments which the daughters of the king presented to him.

The noble figure of Achilles, his extreme beauty, and the warlike ardour which sparkled in his eyes, too much reminded Elvige of the young count, for this picture not frequently to engage her attention. It was placed in a retired apartment, which was seldom entered, and it was here that she usually studied to improve herself in that art of which the countess could give her but a very imperfect knowledge. The hope of being able one day to pourtray the elegant features of Roger had animated her in her first attempts. His hand accustomed to depict the delicate forms and colours of flowers, was soon able to represent with exactness other objects; and in a short time the perfect copies she had produced of the figure of Achilles persuaded her that she might withequal success produce the likeness of other features much more dear to her heart. Those of Roger were in so lively a manner impressed on her memory, that his presence was not necessary to enable her to trace them. Were he present, to take his portrait might only give him uneasiness; and, besides she despaired to equal the symmetry of his countenance. She felt the necessity, too, of concealing the secret from every person in the castle, and especially from Roger. A thousand times she threw aside and recommenced her work, and a thousand times she despaired of being able to approach to the beauty of her model. Each new attempt, however, improved the re-

semblance, and added new charms to the portrait; and that which she had left on the mossy bank, in the arbour, was the most perfect of them all; but it was also the only one which she had preserved.

While Roger surveyed it with astonishment, while he covered it with kisses, and thought with inexpressible happiness, that Elvige would have less care to conceal the perfection to which she had attained in this art, had it not been connected with the secret of her passion, she had returned to her apartment, and there, certain that she was exposed to no inquisitive eye, she wished again to inspect her favorite work. But how great was her alarm when she found that she had it not!—Where could it be?—She did not continue long in doubt: she recollected that she had been looking at it in the arbour; and there she must certainly have left it. She immediately hastened thither, and found there Roger, who held it in his hand, and, after having pressed it to his lips, concealed it in his bosom.

‘Give it me!’ exclaimed she, extending towards him her suppliant arms.

At this exclamation, at the sight of her, the young count could no longer restrain his transports. He fell at her feet, seized one of her hands, and, pressing it to his heart, ‘Do you not feel how it beats for you?’ said he. Never will it cease to love you!’

Elvige, astonished and perplexed, had neither strength to repulse him nor to listen to him. She endeavoured to raise him, but the efforts of her feeble arms were insufficient. In vain

she solicited that the portrait might be restored to her; Roger, before he would return it, asked a thousand questions. But while the ardour of his passion sought expressions, and could find none sufficiently forcible, a sudden shriek from Elvige compelled him to raise his head; and his confusion became extreme when he perceived his mother, who at this moment had come down the garden, and stood motionless with surprise before the arbour, on seeing her son on his knees before the daughter of Robert. The young count arose, and, in the utmost confusion, entreated his mother to hear him.

(*To be Continued*)

---

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

FEW practical errors of a secular nature are of so innocent intention and yet of so direful consequence, as that of OVER-LIVING, for the special sake of making a figure. The men and women, who are first the subjects of this error, and then its victims, are not usually of the baser sort: so far from it, they are for the more part of liberal views, and generously animated with a desire of distinction. Ardently bent upon that object, and knowing that in this strange world nothing confers distinction so much as wealth, they assume and strive hard to hold up the semblance of wealth, though unfortunately destitute of the reality. And how can they do otherwise without suffering the agonies of mortification? Endowed with keen sensibility, it touches them deep that some of their neighbours, no better, and perhaps scarcely richer than themselves, should make a better appearance, and of course

attract more notice. How can they put their sons and their daughters, as well as wives, upon a footing with those who are fashionably called *good families*, unless they equal or nearly approach them in the expenses of the table and in personal habiliments?

This path, bordered on every side with precipices, is often gone into unawares at first. It is indiscretion mixed up with vanity, and that without a single particle of the corrupt leaven of intentional dishonesty. But though overliving may, in its commencement, be owing to mere indiscretion combined with a seemingly harmless vanity; yet in its progress it becomes deserving of a far worse name. That is indeed a pernicious and mortal error, by which one puts himself into circumstances that as it were compel him to commit new errors, increasing in magnitude as far as in number.

The error I have been describing would be not so direful, if it admitted of an easy cure; but though there is an obvious remedy, yet in some cases to apply it in season requires uncommon fortitude. Indeed in the single state, or even in the married state, while the children of the family are in their infancy, it is not very difficult to retrench inordinate expenses; provided that the *twain* happen to be *one* as to opinion of the expediency of it:—a thing that might be so common perhaps as it now is rare, if husbands would only inform their wives in good season, of the unprosperous condition of their worldly affairs. But through pride, false delicacy, or whatever motive else, wives are often held in ignorance of the true state of their family circumstances till the moment that ruin

breaks upon them ; and then are they upbraided by the world of an extravagance which they had not run into but for the bandage upon their eyes.

In families where the children, and particularly the daughters, are grown up or nearly grown up, the impediments to a prudent retrenchment of expenses are multiplied. For though both father and mother see the absolute need of it, it is no easy matter to convince the young gentry, or to dispose them, if convinced, to think of their own free wills, from splendid young ladies into plain, industrious, homespun girls. Their remonstrances, their intreaties, and especially their tears it is hard to resist : and so it happens that a great many continue steering toward the fatal gulph, though it be clearly in their view.

When a man is once resolved to keep up expensive appearances till he can hold out no longer, his moral frame goes to wreck as fast as his circumstances. However honest, however trust-worthy he had been in his better days, he no longer possesses these estimable qualities, nor any just sense of honour. He casts about him for arts of shift and evasion. The perpetual duns at his door he tries to satisfy with fair promises, which he has no expectation or intention of performing. His heart becomes callous toward his creditors, and he grows quite regardless of their feelings, however deplorably they have to suffer by him. Like a drowning man, he catches at every thing. To gain a little respite, he will inveigle his near friend into suretiship for him, and will drag his friend along with him to ruin.

Poor human nature is seldom proof

against strong temptations *voluntarily* run into ; and as seldom perhaps in the instance under consideration, as in any other, nor are there any who are fairly entitled to promise themselves beforehand, that their integrity can stem the moral whirlpool in which so many characters, once fair, have been overwhelmed.

An excellent rule has been laid down by the eminent moralist, Dr. Johnson ; and it were to be wished that young men in particular would remember it, and make a practicle use of it at the outset of active life : the rule is this—"A man's *voluntary* expenses should not exceed his income." A huge mass of misery and of mischief might be prevented, were it the general custom to adhere to this maxim as far as circumstances would admit.  
—*Con. Courant.*

---

#### THE CONCEALED MARRIAGE.

ARTIFICE, prevarication and concealment of the truth, even when employed from apparently allowable motives, and not to promote or disguise vicious intentions, are commonly found to involve those practising them in unexpected perplexities ; and almost always terminate in mortification, disgrace, and disappointment.

Maria Stapleton was the daughter of a widow lady of small fortune, which consisted principally of a pension allowed her by a great trading company in consequence of her husband having lost his life while engaged in their service. The beauty of Maria, and her acquired accomplishments attracted the attention of all who knew her, but especially of Mr. George Devreux, a young gentle-



man who had inherited from his father an estate of two thousand a year, but clogged with a condition in favour of the daughters of his uncle, his father conceiving himself to be under particular obligations to his brother, by which he was restrained from marrying before he was thirty, except to one of his cousins, or at least with the consent of his uncle, on pain of losing one half of his estate, which it was in his father's power to devise from him by will, and which in that case, was to pass to the daughters of his uncle. His father had fixed on the age of thirty, as that mature period of life when the violent passions of early youth would begin to subside; and as his cousins were young ladies of no inconsiderable fortune and expectations, if they then continued unmarried, prudence might be expected to take place of thoughtless love, and produce an union for life, according to the wishes, and indeed the last solemn injunction, of a parent, solicitous for what he deemed the honour and happiness of his son.

But as love, at the least idea of restraint

*'Claps his light wings, and in a moment flies,'*

Mr. Devreux, before he met with Miss Stapleton, made very slow advances towards gaining the affections of either of the ladies recommended to his attention by his father; but after he had seen Maria, they became almost his aversion. But before he could contract the union he so ardently wished with her he so tenderly loved, several years must elapse, or a forfeiture to which he could not bring himself to consent must be in-

curred. Of these years one or two were passed in patient expectation; but at length love in some degree overcoming prudence, he proposed to his Maria a secret marriage, with which, more effectually to prevent discovery, not even her mother was to be acquainted. To this Miss Stapleton, after many earnest solicitations, was, though with not a little reluctance, induced to consent.—Every thing was accordingly arranged by the management of Mr. Devreux, and they were married with a privacy which he confidently believed must elude any discovery, especially as it was his intention, when the time came which set him at liberty, to repeat the ceremony in a public manner, and remove every suspicion, if any might arise, and thus prevent all further inquiry.

But scarcely had another twelve-month elapsed, when a new difficulty arose, for which a sufficient preparation had not been made. Maria discovered that she was pregnant.—Whatever joy this event might have given to both the lovers under other circumstances, it was now the cause of considerable perplexity. Mr. Devreux again had recourse to his fertile invention; and, by his advice, Maria applied to her mother for permission to visit a female acquaintance who had gone to reside at a great distance in the country, and to stay with her for a month or two. Mrs. Stapleton readily consented, and her daughter, by the management of Mr. Devreux, retired to some obscure apartments which he had procured for her, where she laid in with the greatest privacy; it being intended that when she should

be recovered she should return to her mother, and that the child should be brought up privately till the time arrived when their marriage might be re-solemnised and openly declared.—Letters, in the mean time, by Mr. Devreux's contrivance, were conveyed to Mrs. Stapleton from her daughter, as if from the country, requesting the indulgence of a longer stay, and fixing the time when she would return.

Maria had, from the first, been anxiously desirous that her mother should be admitted to a participation of their secret; but Mr. Devreux, well knowing Mrs. Stapleton's inflexible integrity, high sense of honour, and utter aversion to every thing that had the most distant resemblance to artifice and dissimulation, feared her openness of character might lead to discovery, and could not be induced to consent. The yielding Maria therefore acquiesced in his plan. But, as no art or cunning can infallibly guard against accident, a servant girl who knew Maria chanced to obtain a sight of her, and informed her mother both of the place of her retreat, and for what purpose she was there. Mrs. Stapleton, in the utmost distress, flew to find her daughter; and, though not without some difficulty, at length obtained admission to her. She found her in bed with her infant, and not doubting but she had been dishonoured—'O Maria!' exclaimed she, bursting into tears, and in the most violent agitation, 'what have you done? How have you thus disgraced yourself and me? How have you thus rendered us both wretched? Who is your seducer? Tell me that I may fly to

revenge on him the misery he has inflicted on us!'—Maria with difficulty pacified her, and prevailed on her to listen to her story, which she now related to her without the least reserve, conjuring her to secrecy, which Mrs. Stapleton, yielding to the necessity of the case, readily promised; though she did not forbear remonstrating with her daughter in very strong terms, on her want of confidence in her, and on her proceeding to such a length in an affair of so great importance without ever consulting her.

Maria soon after returned home; but her long absence, some alteration in her appearance, and certain hints which had been given by the servant girl, and were circulated in whispers through the neighbourhood, rendered all her female acquaintance very shy towards her; in fact she found herself at last entirely excluded from their society, since it was not in her power to justify herself, without betraying the secret which it was of so much consequence to her interest not to disclose. For another year, therefore, which was still to come before her character could be retrieved by the open avowal of her marriage with Mr. Devreux, poor Maria lived in a state of melancholy seclusion, and compelled, as it were, tacitly to resign those pretensions to honour and virtue which she had in reality never forfeited.—Her child Mr. Devreux did not think it advisable that she should ever see, lest such visits should lead to a discovery; and Mrs. Stapleton evidently suffered the greatest uneasiness from the suspicious light in which both she and her daughter appeared to their friends, without being permitted to



vindicate themselves by declaring the truth, which, to a woman of Mrs. Stapleton's high spirit and strict regard to her honour, was a most painful humiliation ; so that but for the consciousness of her innocence, and her love for her husband, life itself would have been a burden to the unoffending but too yielding Maria.

At length the time arrived when Mr. Devreux, set at liberty from the restraint laid on him by his father's will, prepared to carry into execution his scheme of a public marriage with Maria, to be celebrated with all the splendour and festivity suitable to the occasion. But while he was making arrangements for this purpose, he received a notice from a solicitor, employed by his uncle, that an action would be immediately commenced, under the will of his father, for the half of his estate, in consequence of his marriage without the consent of his uncle, and before the time prescribed, of which they were in possession of sufficient proofs.

Mr. Devreux found on inquiry, that, by some extraordinary accidental circumstances, his uncle had obtained such proofs of the fact that it would be in vain to attempt a defence ; he therefore surrendered, without a contest, what he knew he could not hope to retain.

Thus was rendered fruitless all the artifice of Mr. Devreux, while all the uneasiness and mortification endured by Maria and her mother were equally to no purpose. That which might have been obtained by patience, or yielded with generosity, was lost with some degree of disgrace and much disappointment. Mrs. Stapleton and

her daughter, however, on reflection, were not displeased at the event ; for they conceived that the suspicions which had attached to the character of the latter could only be removed by a full and undeniable disclosure of the truth ; and the disproof of these they considered as more than a compensation for the diminution of fortune.

---

#### EVIL OF FORTUNE TELLING.

Predictions often procure their own fulfilment, and thus occasion the very evils most apprehended ; in confirmation of which we shall relate a fact ; A lady had been married some years, had three little girls, and was near her confinement a fourth time, when her husband, being absent on business, wrote to request she would search his bureau for a paper of some consequence ; in doing which she found another, inscribed "minutes of my fortune, told me in the year 1789," which was seven years prior to her marriage. Curiosity prompted her to open it, when she found as follows : "E. D. tells me, that I am to marry, in seven years, a lady with blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair, with whom I am to live very happy ; that I shall have three daughters ; that in giving birth to a boy, the fourth child, my wife shall die." This paper fell into the lady's hands but a few days before she was confined, and caused a depression which she could not throw off ; but when the sex of the child was known, the strange coincidence of the three girls, and the boy being, as predicted, the fourth child, so entirely seized her imagination that in three days she lost her intellects, and in less

than three weeks (during the whole of which time she was completely deranged,) she expired.—*London paper*

The first duel fought in New-England, according to Morse and Parish, was between two *servants*, with sword and dagger. Both were wounded, neither of them mortally. They were tried by the colony and sentenced,—“to have their heads and feet tied together, and to remain twenty-four hours without meat or drink.” We suspect this mode of punishment would be a much more effectual preventative of the practice of duelling, than any now in fashion.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

TUESDAY last being the anniversary of the birth day of our national independence, and consequently a day of great rejoicing and festivity, but not without an allow of quarreling and confusion, I concluded to leave at once both the city and its inhabitants, and enjoy it in pacific and rural retirement. Accordingly embarked on board the steam boat and crossed the Hudson after a most pleasant sail, during which the inquiring eye, could roam with ease a distance of thirty miles, along its broad and silver surface, viewing the verdant landscapes, here and there interspersed with woods, while at a distance the frigates rode majestically on the wave, displaying the colours of all nations, and in conjunction with the surrounding forts, thundering in commemoration of the day, the whole rendered doubly pleasant by one of the fairest days in nature.

A short distance brought me to the Dutch settlement called Bergen, where the Fourth was celebrated with unusual splendor, of which I shall attempt a slight description.

The company of Bergen artillery under command of capt. —, after performing various evolutions, were at length drawn up in line, headed by a field piece, in front of the Hotel, where nineteen young ladies, comprising a great part of the beauty and fashion of that place, whose blooming countenances bespoke health & cheerfulness, dressed in pure white and tastefully decorated with blue ribbons, proceeded gracefully in line, preceded by Miss — bearing the standard of the company.

All things being arranged they marched to the summit of a neighbouring height, the ladies forming an angle on the left, when a national salute was fired, amidst the plaudits of the admiring spectators; when they again descended to enjoy the remainder of the day in uninterrupted mirth, as become the sons and daughters of freedom.

KNICKERBOCKER.

NEW-YORK, July 6, 1815.

### VARIETY.

Genius is the first order of intellect; Talent calls it forth, and Taste assigns to it the place in which it appears to the most advantage.

Mr. John Wesley was of opinion that when a dog howled at a flute, the howling was not produced by displeasure, but intended as a vocal accompaniment.

Doctor Johnson's concluding sentence of the Life of Savage is imitated from Addison. Addison says, “Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence;—without which, beauty is ungraceful and quality contemptible.”

GRAVITY

Is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind. Sterne says, “it is an errant scoundrel”—and Shaftsbury, that “it is the very essence of imposture.

## IRRESOLUTION

He that cannot endure to strive against the stream shall hardly attain the port, which he purposes to recover. There is always a difficulty in things that tend to grandeur. He that is afraid of leaves, let him not enter into the wood. Never leave a string untouched that may make music for your interest and advantage.

As it is more honourable to teach than to be taught, so it is less shame to learn than to be ignorant.

Credulity is oftentimes the dream of fools, and the blind nurse of dangerous security.

## ANECDOTES.

King James I. of England, went out of his way to hear a noted preacher.—The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked what connexion swearing had with the text. He answered, "Since your Majesty came out of your way through curiosity to meet me, I could not, in complaisance, do less than go out of mine to meet you."

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance that he would not have taken the *lamb* had it not been for the *mint sauce*.

The peculiar pertinency of a good joke, gives to the wit displayed on these little occasions, all its value. The following anecdote will lose much of its force by the manner of relation.—M. can relate it to the life.

W and C. two auctioneers, were remarkably disproportioned in stature.—C was a mere dwarf, and W. very tall. At a public sale, C. mounted a hog's head partly filled with Scotch snuff in bladders, which stood on one end. As

he was repeating one-and-ten, one-and-ten, going, going, going, gentleman, the head gave way, and C. descended out of sight. Gone, says W.; and the sneezing of C. left no doubt of the fact; for tho' out of sight he was not out of hearing. the effect on the crowd, was indescribable.—*American Magazine*.

An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at the theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed that not having been accustomed to fire, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honour, Sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms: here are therefore two pills; one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless;—we are therefore on equal ground, if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave."

It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

An ordinary country fellow being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cause where the terms of *mortgager* and *mortgagee* were frequently used, the judge asked the countryman if he knew the difference between the *mortgager* and the *mortgagee*; Yes, said he, it is the same as between the *nodder* and *noddee*. How is that? replied the judge. Why, you sit there, said the clown, and I nod at you; then I am the *nodder*, and you the *noddee*.

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the *King of Fools*. "I wish, said he one day, you would make your words good: I should then be the greatest monarch in the world."



## Seat of the Muses.

### SELECTED LINES

*For Mr. Scudder's Museum, No. 21  
Chatham Street.*

HERE nature brings from ev'ry distant clime,  
Her choicest stores to charm the wond'ring sight,

Here endless beauties cheer the brow of time,  
And ev'ry mind inform and sense delight.

The sea its corals, shells, and fish displays,  
The air, its birds with plumage gay presents,

The earth with fossils, gems, and spars arrays

Each room where nature rules, and art invents.

Here youth delighted view that hand divine,  
Whose workmanship exhaustless decks the throne ;

Where nature sits, whilst round her glories shine,

Whose peerless rays adorn her charms alone.

The student of creation's boundless store,  
Here finds the world's productions round him crowd ;

And whilst he views their wond'rous beauties o'er,

Of such a whole to be a part he's proud.

Here man with rapture all his soul expands,  
Here ev'ry fair one gratifies her taste,

Here connoisseurs resort from distant lands,  
Nature to see with heav'nly beauty grac'd.

No more need travellers tempt the sands or seas,

In search of what far distant climes afford ;

For all that can in art or nature please,  
In this Museum is completely stor'd.

### THE PROGRESS OF REPORT.

REPORT is first a pigmy small,  
That shrewdly cautious, dares but crawl ;  
She whispers this, hints that, looks sly,

Sneaks on, and squints and learns to lie :  
Gains as she goes, grows bold and strong,  
Nor creeps through fear, a pigmy long,  
But soon we see the monster rise,  
Stride round and swell to giant size !  
With uplift hand, and accent loud  
Fright and amuse the astonish'd crowd  
Wake all the passions, rouse to strife,  
Neighbour with neighbour, man with wife,  
Jar and derange the social spheres,  
And set whole cities by the ears.  
Strange is her form, she runs, she flies,  
With spreading wings set full of eyes ;  
Set full of ears, her monstrous head,  
And mouths, and tongues, that talk on dead,  
And watches, listens day and night,  
Pleas'd nothing less with wrong than right,  
Hears, conjures, vents her motley tales,  
Harrangues, puffs, libels, slanders, rails,  
And where permitted most to dwell,  
Renders the neighbourhood a hell.

### THE MODEST RETORT.

A supercilious nabob of the east,  
Haught, being great, and purse-proud,  
being rich,  
A governor, or gen'ral at the least,  
I have forgotten which,  
Had in his family a humble youth,  
Who went from England in his patron's  
suit,  
An unassuming body, and, in truth,  
A lad of decent parts, and good repute:

This youth had sense and spirit ;

But yet, with all his sense,

Excessive diffidence

Obscur'd his merit.

One day, at table, flush'd with pride and wine,

His honour, proudly free, severely merry,  
Conceiv'd it would be vastly fine

To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft  
or trade,

Did your father gain a livelihood ?"

"He was a saddler" Modestus said,

"And in his line was reckon'd good.

"A saddler, eh! and learnt you Greek,  
Instead of learning you to sew;  
Pray, why did not your father make  
A saddler, sir of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,  
The joke applauded, and the laugh went  
round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,  
Said, (craving pardon if too free he made)  
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know  
Your father's trade?"

*My father's trade!*—by heaven, that's too  
bad!

*My father's trade?*—why, blockhead, art  
thou mad?

*My father, sir, did never stoop so low—  
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"*

Excuse the liberty I take,  
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,  
Pray, why did not your father make  
A gentleman of you?" [Yankee.

---

SONNET TO FLORA.

EYE-CHARMING Flora, beauteous queen,  
diffuse

O'er the fresh glebe as wont thy vernal  
flow'rs,

That smiling quaffs the rich nectarean  
show'rs,

And spreads the vestment of a thousand hues.

Come, bring with thee the woodbine's vir-  
gin glow,

The Julian stock-flower, lavish of perfume,

The gaudy tulip, and the violet blue,

Auricula, and rose of peerless bloom.

Add the fair primrose, that, forsaken, dies,  
And daffodils, whose cups o'erflow with  
tears,

Then moss-clad cells, where ivies mantling  
rise,

Steal one from life, and soothe it's anxious  
cares;

Whilst woodland nymphs the treat unequal-  
I'd bring,

And Fancy waves her rainbow-tinted wing.

EVENING.

How beauteous is Evening! the setting sun  
shines

Like a faint dying rose on yon mountains  
of snow;

How beauteous is Evening! the full cluste-  
red vines

Absorb the last day-beam and mimic its  
glow.

How sweet is the union of natural sounds!

The wood-pigeons murmur, the bleat of  
the flock,

The squirrel's light step, through the bush  
as it bounds,

And the loud rush of eagle-wings seeking  
the rock.

Peace broods o'er the scene, with a parent's  
delight,

These fresh falling dews are pearls thaw-  
ed from her crest,

In the grey mist she watches the cradle of  
night,

And rears her white shrine in the cotta-  
ger's breast.

---

HYMN.—GLORY TO GOD.

To thee, PROTECTIVE God, I owe,

All that I have, or hope, or know,

Each ray of mind that seems to shine,

Is but a clouded gleam from thine.

The lust'ring heavens present thy zone,

The peopled earth thy living throne,

The globe, which nature holds of thee,

Is bound by thy infinity.

Poor, and unblest'd, not mine the power

To shield from want one frugal hour,

Yet from thy rich regard I drew,

The bread of peace, and promise too.

How vain the pride of man appears,

How weak the vigour of his years;

But thou one vital spark has given

To light, and lead his hope to heaven.

---

LIFE.

Our life contains a thousand springs,

And dies if one be gone!

Strange that a harp of thousand strings

Should keep in tune so long.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1815.

## Intelligence.

French accounts to the 31st May, and from England to the 27th of the same month have been received since our last; and never were accounts more discordant about the affairs of Europe. One thing, however, appears certain, that hostilities had not commenced the first of June. The French papers speak of the great unanimity of the French people in favor of Bonaparte, and of their immense armies, and that the war of the coalition was likely to be broke up by the want of agreement among themselves. The English prints on the other side, represent France in a state of the greatest disorder, and that Lavendee in particular was in a state of general insurrection; and that a formal declaration of war by the English government against France, was expected to take place about the fore part of June.

The Bombay Gazette of Oct. last gives many particulars of an unsuccessful attack by the British troops, against the fort of Nalapanec, or Kalunga, in the Goorkha country, in which much gallantry was displayed, and many lives lost; but so well posted were the natives, and so resolutely did they defend their strong holds, as eventually to resist every attack made on them for several successive days. In this affair, Maj. Gen. Gillespie, chief in command on that station, was killed.

A letter from New-Orleans of June 4, says, "From the immense slaughter of the enemy below our town, and the number of putrid carcasses visible to the eye, being covered only with a light mould, we apprehend an early epidemic, and a fatal season, though we still continue healthy. The great height of the river is also an additional cause of alarm; every light puff of wind from the eastward which passes

over the field of action, brings with it an evidence that their bodies are still there. It is a horrid sight. These bodies ought to have been taken up and buried before they became putrid."

*Shipwreck.* The British ship Three-Sisters, Capt. Murray, from Greenock to Havanna, was cast away in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, about half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the 10th of April last, and every person on board perished except one seaman and William Scott, the mate, from whom the above information is obtained.

Three large Greenland whales were discovered off Long Branch last week. One supposed to be 80 feet long ran ashore on the bar at low water, where he remained three hours, roaring loud enough to be heard at the distance of two or three miles, dashing the sand in every direction with his tail. When the tide rose he worked himself off from the bar, and joined his companions in the deep.—*Com. Advertiser.*

On the 4th of July, a large whale was caught near Cheesequake, on the Jersey shore. He was discovered asleep near the beach, by a man who was mowing in a salt-meadow. The laborer, supposing the whale was dead, took an oar and waded out to it: while attempting with the oar to open its mouth, it awoke, and rolled itself, like a log, 70 or 80 yards upon the beach.—The laborer, who had escaped with difficulty, collected the people in the neighborhood, and with scythes and other instruments, soon killed it.—*Id.*

*Suicides.* Mr. J. V. Cooper, of this city, in a temporary state of derangement, jumped into the river near Burling Slip on Tuesday, and was drowned. Mrs. Sarah Bennet, of Pompey, partially insane, hanged herself on the 28th ult. A Mrs. Rogers, of Genoa, aged about 50, occasionally deranged, hanged herself to a tree on the 23d ultimo.—*Columbian.*

*Casualty.* Mr. James Dresser, of Sempronius was wounded by the fall



of a tree on him, and after lingering a week, died on the 16th ult.—*Id*:

#### OUR READERS

Will please correct an error that occurred last week, by the carelessness of one of our hands. The first line of the 146th page should have been placed last at the bottom of the 147th page.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Bowen, Mr. John Wells, esq. to Miss Sabina Elliott Huger, of Charleston, S. C.

By the rev. John Brady, Mr. Wm. Burdington Parsons, of the British navy, to Miss Ann Barclay, daughter of col. Barclay.

By the rev. Dr. Kuyper, Mr. Wm. Henderson, to Miss Elizabeth Van Ryper, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Feltus, Mr. Thomas Tappan, to Miss Sarah Hoyt, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Maclay, Mr. David Price, to Miss Lois Keeler, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Henshaw, capt. M. M. Quackenbos, of the U. S. army, to Miss Juliana M. Clarke, daughter of James. B. Clarke, of Brooklyn.

By the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Epaphroditus Bibby, to Miss Ann Berdan, both of this city

## Obituary.

### DIED,

The city inspector reports the death of 30 persons (of whom 10 were men, 6 women, 10 boys, and 4 girls,) during the week ending on Saturday last.

Mr. Reuben Palmer, aged 38.

Mr. Mark Gunton, aged 45.

Mrs. Rachel Roome, aged 81, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Miss Jane Hone, aged 20.

After a short illness, Mr. Isaac Gouverneur, second son of the late Nicholas Gouverneur, esq. deceased.

Another fashionable murder was committed on Saturday evening, near the monument of Hamilton, a beacon, which should dissuade and deter, like the pillar of salt, from folly and madness, rather than allure, like an ignis fatuus, to rashness, error and destruction. This victim of false honor, a young gentleman of this city, died on Monday. Much sympathy and sorrow are excited by this unfortunate event.—*Cal.*

I am this moment returned from witnessing the funeral of the late Isaac Gouverneur,

of this city; the cry of ineffectually stifled agony which burst from the brothers of the deceased, is still wringing in my ears—still vibrating upon the chords of my heart. I knew the deceased well. I have watched long over the progress of his opening mind; and do not hesitate to assert, that he has left behind him few equals. In an understanding sound, clear, and strong, with the requisite applications, he could not have failed (had he lived) to become, eventually, one of the most distinguished lawyers and statesmen in our country. His conduct was upright, honourable and manly. He possessed as dauntless a spirit as ever animated a tenement of clay. What has shrouded in an untimely tomb the day dawn of his early life? What has nipped the blossoms of his promise in the morn and liquid dew of youth?

He has added *his* name to swell the long and bloody muster roll of those, who have fallen victims at the shrine of the worst remnant of Gothic barbarity, and Feudal Homicide. The *Christian* requires no argument to be urged against the prevailing practice of fashionable murder;—for the *Christian* knows, that man has no right, either to seek his fellow's life, or to throw away his own—(except at his country's call;) but that he is accountable, alike for his own, and his brother's blood, to the God of the spirits of all flesh. But to that portion of the community, which is not overburdened with religious feeling, this is a subject of deepest import. In the United States, in proportion to their population, there are more duels annually fought, than in any other nominally *Christian* country, and of these duels, a greater number, is fatal, owing to the superior skill, and the more deliberate and deadly coolness with which the Americans aim at each other's life.

How many families are at this moment sorrowing in hopeless misery, over the loss of a father, or a husband, or a brother, or a son; who either has been, or who might have become, not only the prop and support of his kindred house, but the bulwark and ornament of his admiring country; who might have led her armies to victory, or shaken her senate with the thunders of his eloquence—or have built her up into a high and palmy state, of national honour and glory, by the wisdom of his council!

If the laws are ineffectual, if the guardians of those laws slumber on their post of duty, it is high time for the moral force of the country to be put in requisition, for the men of talent, of character, of property, of influence in community, to unite their efforts, to stand in the gap between the dead and the living, to stay the plague; and bid the destroying Angel depart from our reformed land for ever.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

**GENUINE  
FRENCH-CREEK  
SENECA OIL.**

*An excellent and approved medicine.*

**F**OR the benefit of our fellow-men, it is made known, that it may be used as an excellent remedy in the following Diseases and Cases, viz.

If every morning fasting, about a tea spoonful is taken inwardly, it is an excellent remedy against the Consumption, provided it is not of an old standing, and proper diet is observed at the same time. If it is taken now and then, it strengthens the stomach and breast, causes an easy respiration, and strengthens, in general, the whole body, and preserves health, causing a good appetite to eat.

If this Spring Oil is applied outwardly, it becomes in particular a very fine remedy against Rheumatism, and pain in the limbs, in Sprains, Dislocations, various kinds of Swellings, and the like; in those cases it must be well rubbed into the parts affected before the fire. The Indians are accustomed, in violent Head-Aches, to annoint their temples with it, that they may find relief. Upon the whole, this Oil is of so great esteem among the Indians in those parts, that they use it in all disorders above mentioned.

Sold by

**HULL & BOWNE,**

**DRUGGISTS,**

May 13, (3m)

No. 146 Pearl-street.

**Piano Fortes.**

**THOMAS WESTERN & SON,**

Manufacture the Improved Patent, Upright, Grand and Square Piano Forte, at No. 104 Water-street, a few doors south west of the Tontine Coffee-House.

They respectfully solicit the attention of their friends and the public, to favour the establishment with their commands. No exertion will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to their employers. They have on hand and are constantly finishing Piano Fortes in a handsome style. Being made from the best materials and workmanship, they are warranted to be of the first quality. They keep those that remain in this city, one year in tune. They will also attend to harmonize, tune, and repair Organs and Piano Fortes, in the most correct and perfect manner, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

A Second Hand Piano Forte and Barrel Organ for sale cheap.

**A French Teacher,**

Who has taught eight years with approbation in a family of high respectability, offers his services to attend six or eight young Ladies four hours a day: or he will attend a family in the Country. With the French he teaches Writing, Arithmetic, and Book-keeping. Enquire at this office.

June 24.

(3t)

**FROM LONDON.**

MRS. S. COOKE, Milliner, Fancy Dress, Pelice and Corsett maker, respectfully informs the Ladies of New-York and its vicinity, that she has opened in the above line, at No. 262 William-street, where, by an assiduous attention to the above branches, she hopes to merit the patronage of those Ladies who may please to favour her with their commands.—Also, a good assortment of **THREAD LACES, LACE VAILS, &c.**

July 8

(7w)

**25 Dollars Reward.**

Ran away, from the subscriber on the 22d of June last, a **NEGRO GIRL**, by the name of **SUSAN**, (or Sukey) about 23 years of age, of a middle size, yellowish complexion, round face, with a tolerable full eye, but of rather a dull look, and speaks with a low voice.

Took with her three blue plaid Gingham Frocks; one white Muslin, do. and one Calico do. cocoraco colour. Two hats, one a dove colour, with velvet crown, and one do. Silk, dark purple, trimmed with white lace on the front, with purple plume; also considerable other clothing.

Whoever will return said girl, shall receive the above reward with all reasonable charges; or, fifteen dollars for any information that may lead to her detection.

**ABRAHAM VALENTINE,**

No. 149 Fly-Market, corner of Front-st. NEW-YORK, July 12, 1815.

N. B. All persons are forbid harbouring or employing said girl, under the penalty of the law.

**THE MUSEUM,**

Is published every Saturday, as usual, at **THREE DOLLARS** per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by **JAMES ORAM**, No. 102 Water-Street, a little below the Coffee-House, New-York. City Subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance.